

STORIES OF THE INAUGURALS.

By MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

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William McKinley.

With this letter we come to the end of the story of the Inaugurals, which has covered 112 years of the history of this Republic.

The constant reader of these stories since the Inauguration of George Washington, April 30, 1789, has been in touch with the onward march of this Republic.

The evolution of civilization has been practically marked every four years since the morning of April 30, 1789, dawned upon a waiting, anxious multitude, which had poured into the City of New York to witness the first Presidential Inauguration ceremonies.

For the benefit of those who may not have seen the first story, we will repeat how it came about that the 4th of March was selected as Inauguration Day.

After the ratification of the Constitution by the several States, the Congress of the old Confederation fixed upon the first inauguration in January, 1789, for the choice of electors; the first Wednesday in February for the voting by the electors, and the first Wednesday in March for the inauguration of the President. The latter day fell on the 4th that year, and the 12th amendment to the Constitution settled upon this as the legal date.

George Washington should have been inaugurated March 4, but many of the States were backward in getting their representatives to the ground, and no quorum was not present until April 6.

Washington did not receive the news of his election until April 14. Two days later he left Mount Vernon, arriving in New York, April 23.

April 30 is therefore an historic day in this Republic, and Congress might with reason, beside the 4th of July, and the day of the Nation's festival day. Washington's Inauguration was attended with all the pomp and parade, military and civic, that could be devised for the occasion.

For that time surpassed any function that had been incorporated officially.

The inauguration of Thomas Jefferson was the first to take place in the Capital City.

The records of the day say that at high noon the President-elect, Thomas Jefferson, accompanied by the heads of the District of Columbia, and a long procession of military officers and men in civic authority, came into the Senate Chamber.

They did the best they could with the materials at hand, and the ceremony was, as some say, or rode, and tied his own horse, as others say, this plean manner was evidently one of Hobson's choice; his southern-lawyer, Jefferson, was the man of Virginia with the magnificent four-in-hand, which he was sent to purchase by Jefferson for the occasion, for the Jeffersonian party that mud was monarch in Old Virginia. Without it Jeffersonian simplicity could never have been heard in the land.

We have never seen a picture of Jefferson that did not represent him in knee-breeches, buckles, low-cut shoes, ruffled waistcoats, and a powdered wig.

Members of his family that he was most punctilious regarding his personal appearance. If he appeared on this inaugural "coarse" clothing, it would be a disgrace, and other articles of wearing apparel in keeping, we are wondering if he threw away this as he appeared to make an impression. We prefer to believe all this stuff the concoction of an imaginative mind. Jefferson was the only President that adhered to the rules of etiquette as published in the subject, which is in vogue today.

Circumstances were the governing power of events in those days to a degree that would not be possible in the march of progress along the different paths in civilization which marks the epochs of history are not more plainly photographed than in the inauguration of the President.

When President McKinley rode from the White House to the Capitol on March 4, 1901, attended by the old veterans and military bodies, and cheered by tens of thousands who had gathered to do him honor and view the wonderful spectacle of the city beautiful in gala dress, he was celebrating the 100th anniversary of that ceremony in the city of Washington. Just a hundred years ago Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President.

Washington a hundred years ago was a muddy village, and the inauguration that christened its arena was a tame affair. Enthusiasm did not run high in politics, for there had been a tie in the vote of Congress. The tie was broken by some writers have asserted, between Jefferson and Adams, but it was between Jefferson and Burr, each getting 73 votes. John Adams got 65 votes and Charles C. Pinckney 64 votes. Had Mr. Jefferson received one vote more than Burr, which Burr's ambition prevented, the dilemma would have been obvious, and he would have been thrown into the House for settlement, and on the 30th ballot Jefferson was elected.

of the central figure of the Nation. The change of status in the Republic is shown equally as strong by the superb work of the newspapers as in the ceremonies themselves. One hundred years ago a half column in the daily papers told the story of the Inauguration. The first Inauguration of this century took quadruple sheets of illustration and text to give to the world some idea of its magnitude.

No Administration since those of Washington and Lincoln has been so pregnant with events as the one just closed.

A Nation that was founded by Washington and preserved by Lincoln was expanded by McKinley until the archipelagoes of the sea in the East and in the West lay in the beneficent folds of the American flag.

We treat it all with the future historian, feeling again that the Administration of Mr. McKinley, viewed from correct perspective, will chronicle a course in the path of the Nation which will lead the United States into a glorious and triumphant career.

When the battalion of Porto Rican troops came marching down Pennsylvania Avenue, superb in action and manly in appearance, every heart thrilled with the

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It left an azy acrimony feeling. There were no features to be seen, and the want of concert of action, except those provided by the law. There are other things beside the apothecized hitching-straps and Inauguration processions which history says Jefferson would have eliminated of which his followers today say little. Among them his effort with his followers to assail the Supreme Court, with repealing statutes and proposed constitutional amendments. He ignored the navy in the Potomac, and would gladly have dragged the frigates Constitution, Constellation, Chesapeake, United States and Philadelphia out to dry land.

The suppression of a competing road Nation he labored incessantly to supplant by the supremacy of the State. That Administration was but a hundred years ago, and today Nation's first President was inaugurated on the principles laid down by Hamilton, carried on by Clay, Webster, and other statesmen of the day; the same for which Grant led the forces of the Government, and for which Abraham Lincoln died.

for you the enjoyment of the privileges contained in the American Constitution—the development of your country and the blessings which are now the heritage of the American citizen; to the Boxers in China he can say we have not sent our last contingents, we still have McCulla and Chaffee, and other Admirals and Generals, in case of an emergency.

The incident in China gave the United States opportunity to confirm its position as a world power, and must be recognized as a factor with the Governments of the world in the settlement of Oriental disputes. The most gratifying result, after all, of President McKinley's Administration is that he has proved a safe pilot through rough seas and tortuous routes, and that in his patriotic desire for the good of this Republic he has left no duty undone to bring about a united country.

North, South, East and West again reap the benefits that come to a Nation which is the envy of the countries of the world.

We have told our last story, and must wait for the battle of time to weave another out of the days and years to come. That it will be woven in threads of gold that will illumine the history of this Republic we have no doubt. We will follow with keen enthusiasm the strong patriots that lead the Nation, and with benediction on the heads of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt we close the Stories of the Inaugurals.

Veterans in the City.
C. N. Hanson, Co. D, 234 Ohio, Washington, Kan., Comrade Hanson is in the August issue.
Augustus J. Washburn, Co. H, 29th Me., Vineland, N. J., Comrade Washburn is Commander of Lyon Post, of Vineland.
Comrade W. H. Stoner, 23rd Ohio, Waco, Tex. Comrade Stoner, it will be seen, is a veteran of the President's own regiment, and was recently appointed by him Postmaster of Waco.

Comrade J. D. Walker, Knaps' Bat-

ter of the Colonel's command. Our brass band will also go back with the train. The wounded pioneers were sent to Kearny, and I never heard anything more of him. The only wheeled vehicles accompanying us will be one ambulance and our little battery of four howitzers, commanded by Second Lieut. Geo. D. Bayard, of Co. G, and manned by a detail of dismounted cavalrymen.

After fitting out our pack-train, a certain number of mules being allotted to each company, we pack up and cross the river, leaving the train of wagons, with its escort of pioneers, at Fort Kearny, right down the river.

Our pack-mules, being new to the business, needed the attendance of one man to lead each mule at first, with a few Mexicans, or old soldiers who understand packing, to superintend the train. After five days' training, the mules could be managed by the pack-train, so that three or four mules would be strung out in single file, a steady and gentle one being selected for leader, the bridle-rein of the next mule being attached to the tail, and so on. The Mexicans, or detailed packers, riding along on the flank, to see that in any emergency the packs were dismounted, they would be quickly dismounted without stopping the entire train.

As soon as a packer notices that a pack is getting loose, or anything wrong, he quickly pulls the mule in by the trail, slipping a hand (carried on his horse's head) over the eyes of his riding-animal, to make it stop quietly, dismounts and readjusts the pack, as quick as possible, removes the blind, mounts and hurries the mule up to his place.

Most of the mules selected for packing are the little pot-bellied Spanish mules, as they appear to take to the business quite readily, and will follow a train like a dog. But our American mules do not take to it as aptly, and require constant watching or leading.

After crossing the Platte we followed down the south bank for two or three days, then struck the north bank, following course, under the guidance of old Fall Leaf, the leader of our Delaware guides and scouts. Col. Sumner has brought with him from Fort Kearny a party of Pawnees, as guides and scouts, rightly judging that their hereditary and implacable hatred of the pack-train, and their knowledge of the country, would be of great service in their search for any signs of the hostiles.

Our scouts think they can find the Cheyennes, although the trail we are following does not seem at all fresh. In several places we passed old camps of the enemy, but they do not seem to have been here for several months. I noticed on this trail a curious way the Indians have of stowing away their dead. In one or two instances the remains were hoisted up to the top of a tree, and securely tied there, wrapped in a buffalo robe or blanket. No tree was handy the corpse was placed on a sort of scaffold made up of four stout lodge-poles in the ground.

They seem to have a great aversion to the idea of the wolves eating their dead, and regard it as a seriously objectionable thing to do. In some cases they bury their dead in the ground, in which instance, after protecting the body by a framework of bent willows, they fill the basket with stones, if any are convenient, or if not, they gather a lot of prickly-pear plants, which abound in this country, and fill the grave with them, after putting in a little earth. This is a common practice also with white men on the plains, to prevent the wolves from digging up the dead.

The country we are now traveling over is dreary, desolate and barren; no timber, little grass, and water scarce; no game; weather dry and hot. We are repeatedly obliged to keep our animals in good order and handy. Consequently we lie down at night, each man with his head on his saddle, and saddle blanket for a pillow and cover, while the horses we can by hands on them at moment's warning. We never think of taking off our clothes now, not even our boots; dismounting for a mere merely removing belts and spurs.

Our horses are failing some. Coming down from grain feed to grass alone, and sometimes very little of that, is having its effect upon them. To keep them in the Colonel requires us to dismount and walk, leading the horses, every alternate hour through the day's march. The "Old Bull" sets the example at the head of the column.

When this order was first published from headquarters some of the officers seemed to think that it did not apply to them, as they furnish their own horses. But "Old Bull" soon gave them to understand that it applied to every mounted soldier, and soon the whole command, and thenceforth required company officers to so march at the head of their companies. (To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The Trooper's adventures continue to be sufficiently thrilling to satisfy his ambition for dangerous exploits.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.
Some time ago the men who wanted "it" got on the force" of the police of the District of Columbia made such a plea against the age and disability of the veteran, that they had to be confined to the appointments to those who had served in the army or navy repealed. But the veterans are pretty lively fellows, all the same. Recently Policeman Thomas Markwood, who has been on the force ever since his discharge from the army, and is nearly 80 years old, had a sharp struggle with a vigorous young negro, who had stolen a pair of shoes. The negro broke away, but Markwood overtook him and in a scuffle downed him, and was sitting on him when he arrived.

NOTICE.—The man who claims to be my brother isn't my brother at all. Don't lend him any money.
CHARLES A. CULBERSON,
United States Senator.
It will not be very long before Senator Culberson, of Texas, will be forced to print an advertisement like the above in every paper in the United States.

ROUGH RIDING.

(Continued from first page.)

of Mr. Simpson—I knew him in Fort Bridger, Utah Territory, in '89. I don't know whether they returned to the mountains, as I was but little interested in gold prospecting. The heroism of that season we were chasing the Cheyennes, and the next season I was in Utah, on the Mormon expedition.

While we were camped at the mouth of Cherry Creek, some of our men, who were old California miners, washed out some dirt taken out of Cherry Creek, and a little gold dust, but the amount was not satisfactory. I did not believe there was enough of it to pay, we went on our way down the Platte, and soon forgot or thought little about it. But we consumed all I knew of the gold discovery at Pike's Peak at least a year before Mr. Simpson's reputed discovery.

I do not claim the honor of the gold discovery for myself, or any of our command, but in the interest of correct history, and to show the credit to the proper parties; and it has always seemed to me that the party of Missourians before mentioned are justly entitled to the honor.

THE SITE OF DENVER.
As stated in my letter above quoted, we camped June 30, '57, at the mouth of Cherry Creek (where the City of Denver now stands), and were mustered for two months and sent off. The ceremony of mustering for pay has to be gone through on the last days of February, April, June, August, October and December. We have not received pay until we come in reach of a Paymaster.

The country here is wild in the fullest sense, giving no evidence of the occupation of man, and the only signs of man are traveling, which is well worn by California travel. This California Trail crosses the river (South Platte) here, and strikes the mouth of Cherry Creek, where we leave it, as our course will be down the right bank of the river. The scenery is beautiful, and the country is open, light and healthy, and the country only needs the comforts of civilization to make it a pleasant place to dwell.

During the night the wind covered summit, towers sloft, seemingly very near, but I am told that it is about 30 miles distant from the mouth of Cherry Creek. During the daytime the air is very warm, but usually becomes cooler at night. The nights are cool, and one needs to be covered by a couple of heavy blankets to sleep comfortably, and in the morning fellow gets up feeling frost and frisky.

DOWN THE PLATTE.
July 1 we resumed our march down the Platte. Our marches now do not seem so tedious and monotonous as on the plains. The constantly changing scenery, and abundance of variety of game seen on the march among the foothills, make the time pass more pleasantly. Instead of the everlasting and tireless prairie, we have a variety of beautiful timber. Deer, elk and antelope are in plenty, and now and then a bear is killed by some of our men.

The road we are on now since leaving the California Trail seems to have been traveled by little. Our route continues through the river, and the mountains, and are again on the plains. The South Platte here is enough like the Arkansas on the other route, to be called its twin sister.

Shortly after leaving Cherry Creek we passed, successively, three old, abandoned trading posts, or more, rather, than trading posts, but they are now nothing but a crumbling "dobe wall. I am informed by one of the old hands that these were formerly occupied by trading posts, and called, respectively, Fort Lincoln, Fort St. Vrain and Fort Lancaster, after their proprietors.

Within the walls of one of them we found, half-buried in the crumbling dirt, with the muzzle sticking out, a small cannon, without carriage, seemingly about a four-pounder. It had probably become derelict, and was left to rot, and the proprietors abandoned the ranch. As we had no use for it we left it just as we found it.

THE TWO COMMANDS UNITED.
On the Fourth of July we laid over at a certain place, and the next day, the old forts, fired a "National Salute" of 32 guns from our two howitzers, and otherwise celebrated the day as best we could. We were then ordered to march away we were started to lead the rejected of an answering gun come booming over the plains from down the river, and disintegrated counted 32 guns, from the same direction.

Of course, we soon comprehended that this was from Col. Sumner's command, the other half of our expedition, and was the first time that the two commands had since leaving them at Fort Leavenworth, about two months previous.

A messenger, was immediately dispatched to the other command, which was found to be on the opposite side of the river about 15 miles below us. When the messenger returned he brought orders for the two commands to meet at Sumner's camp in the morning, which we accordingly did.

When we arrived opposite the Colonel's camp we found that the two commands had been divided, and it was somewhat deep in places and the quicksand very bad. Some of our horses and some mule teams were stuck in the quicksand, but they were finally got over without losing a man or animal.

A soldier of Col. Sumner's command by the name of Doloherty had been drowned in the river the day before, and a party were still searching for the body, but without success.

We fell into line on the left of the Colonel's command and established our camp, the Colonel flying around industriously to settle us as comfortably as possible. We were all glad to see each other, and the men were glad to see the "Old Bull of the Woods," as they familiarly style our old white-haired and grizzled leader. He is always ready to share with them the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life.

Soldiers are, many times, great grumblers, growling at the weather, the dust, heat, cold, rations, or anything else they can think of that needs cursing and growling about. When they get their officers fix themselves up comfortably, and seem careless of the welfare and comfort of their men, which is often the case, they are grumblers, and their grumblings are ground. But when they see that their officers are taking their share of the hardships and rough fare, they will submit to anything without murmur.

In this respect our Colonel had won the love of his men. They knew that he would do all he could to make them comfortable, and if there were discouragements and hardships to be endured, he would set an example to his men by taking his share of the hardships and rough fare, and would do the same, and if a soldier was abused or oppressed, or otherwise unjustly used by his company officers, he was sent to the Colonel's command, who was always a bulwark of defense between the petty tyranny of company officers and their men.

A PACK-MULE EXPEDITION.
We occupied this camp several days, making arrangements for a pack-mule expedition across the country south of us in quest of the Cheyennes. We are to take 20 days' rations on pack-mules, turning in our tents and all surplus baggage. Our large wagon train, and the "sick, lame and lazy" of the command, are to be sent on the Colorado river, under the escort of a company of infantry, four companies of the 6th Inf., constituting part

THE DEFEAT OF CONSUMPTION.

FREE Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a Run-Down System.

THESE FOUR NEW PREPARATIONS comprise a complete treatment and cure for Consumption and nearly all the ills of life. By their timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

The Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is needed by some, the Tonic by others, the Expectorant by others, the Jelly by others still. Used in any or many cases, or two, or four, or any one, may be used singly or in combination, according to the needs of the case. Full instructions with each set of four free remedies represented in the above illustration.

FREE TRIAL
To obtain these four FREE preparations (The Slocum System), that have never yet failed to cure, all you have to do is to write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine Street, New York, giving full address. The four free remedies will then be sent you at once, direct from the Slocum Laboratories, with full instructions for use in any case.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Slocum System of Treatment for the Cure of CONSUMPTION and all lung troubles is medicine reduced to an exact science by the world's foremost authority on the Slocum System. When writing the Doctor, please tell him you read this in The National Tribune.

artillery, numbering 20,000 men, under the command of a Colonel. They say that they are entitled to at least a Major-General, with several Brigadiers.

Probably the smallest claim ever presented to Congress was by Mrs. N. B. Reuter, of Pomeroy, O., for \$1, for damages to her window, which the blasting was going on for a harbor of refuge for river craft. A stone was blown through her window, breaking a pane of glass and marring a curtain. A glass replaced the pane, and Mrs. Reuter repaired the damage. Mrs. Reuter made a calculation of the cost in repairs, and found it to be as follows:

To one pane of glass..... \$.50
To services of glazier..... .25
To damage to curtain..... .25
Total..... \$1.00

Mrs. Reuter sent a bill for \$1 to Maj. Bixby, in charge of the work at Pomeroy. Maj. Bixby had no authority to pay it, and referred it, together with the bill on the same, to Gen. Wilson, Chief of Engineers. Gen. Wilson passed it over to Secretary Root, and after a thorough investigation of the fact, he reported to be stated, and Secretary Root sent the claim to Secretary Gage. As it was thought hardly worth while to have a special bill passed to pay Mrs. Reuter, the secretary advised the item to be inserted in an appropriation bill.

David R. Pringle, who carried the Division banner of the V. V. U. in the Inauguration, was born on the 12th day of March, in Indiana Co., Pa., and enlisted on Aug. 1, 1862, in Co. D, 153d Pa. for nine months, during which time he was in the battle of Chancellorsville. He re-enlisted in Co. E, 2d Pa. Vet. Art., with Capt. Bernard Mercer, and took part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House, Po River, Cold Harbor, North Anna River, Shady Grove, and was in many engagements around Petersburg. He was wounded on June 17 and June 20, 1864, and was captured at the Mine explosion; was held in prison until March 25, 1865, when he was released and honorably discharged at City Point, Va., Feb. 28, 1866.

James H. McConnell, of Putney, N. Y., whose first service was in Co. E, 8th Ill. Cavalry, and second service in Co. A, 10th N. Y. Vols., was on hand to see Comrade McKinley inaugurated. Comrade McConnell is a retired farmer, but has inventively minded, and taken out a patent now and then. He has just applied for a patent on a combined case and stool.

If Lieut.-Gen. Miles shall be retired on Aug. 8 next, according to the present program, the following officers will be eligible for promotion to the command of the army:

Name	Age	Date of retirement
Maj.-Gen. Elwood S. Otis.....	62	1902
Maj.-Gen. J. R. Brooke.....	62	1902
Maj.-Gen. S. B. M. Young.....	60	1904
Maj.-Gen. A. R. Chaffee.....	59	1900
Brig.-Gen. J. F. Wade.....	57	1907
Maj.-Gen. Arthur MacArthur.....	56	1908
Brig.-Gen. Leonard Wood.....	40	1924
Brig.-Gen. F. D. Grant.....	61	1913
Brig.-Gen. J. Franklin Hill.....	44	1929

The Inaugural Committee has footed up its books, and finds that it has about \$2,000 to the good. It spent about \$75,000, and has received in return:

Rent of stands.....	\$18,000
Inaugural Ball.....	44,000
Inaugural concerts.....	14,453
Official program.....	1,025

The railroads report that they brought 109,000 visitors to Washington to the Inauguration.



THE BEAUTIFUL INAUGURAL GOWNS OF MRS. MCKINLEY AND MRS. ROOSEVELT.

huzabs that greeted them. How quickly the record of the days passed in retrospect, since Mr. McKinley's inauguration four years ago. No President has had more problems of greater magnitude. Four years ago there was no cloud on the political horizon portending war with Spain and the acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines; the Hawaiians were only waiting a Republican hand shake.

The events of the following year, coming in quick succession, are familiar to all. The people believed in President McKinley, and trusted him to carry out the great and impending problems that face the country, and the people will be his support.

Standing upon a hallowed and historic spot, where many of the Nation's great men have stood, Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President of the United States, took the oath to sustain the Government in peace and in war, a duty he had performed before. It is always an inspiring scene, and a historic Senate Chamber, and a historic inauguration, as always superb in its gold-and-white beauty.

When Mr. Frye, Vice-President pro tem, recited the last word of the oath, Vice-President Roosevelt clasped his hands, the colors were flashed in the galleries and handkerchiefs fluttered. Upon the floor of the Chamber, intent upon the ceremony, the President stood in honor. The President was then, Senators and Representatives, members of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, Army and Navy officers, and men distinguished in all the walks of life. Lady Paunceforte, wife of the British Ambassador, occupied a seat in the Diplomatic Gallery. Adam W. Wain, wife of the Chinese Minister, occupied a front seat. She was attired in a gown of some Oriental silks, and wearing a blue silk band scudded with diamonds around her jet-black hair, and attracted many eyes. Madame Takahira, wife of the Japanese Minister, occupied a seat in the Diplomatic Gallery, and the Diplomatic Gallery was filled with interested spectators.

After the Vice-President's address, his first official act was the direction to the President to read the message of the President calling the Senate into extraordinary session. The next move was to take up the march to the East Front, where the President took his oath and gave his Inaugural Address.

While the rain came down gently, it did not cool the ardor of the multitude, and when the ceremony was over, the line of march formed the scene was spectacular in the extreme. Along the route there were all those little scenes and incidents which give touch of light and color to all great festivities. People jostled and elbowed each other good naturedly, and the flag-lined Avenue, whether minding sunshine or rain; now, women and children lollied in revelry; white babies and "pikanninies" lined the sidewalks, and the break-downs were as continuous as the music of a hundred bands, and it would be a drawn gas which attracted more attention, the procession of the President's carriage, or the side-shows of the sidewalk. Everybody was happy—everybody's President was being inaugurated.

When the President's carriage passed, a lady from New York, who had been more or less abroad, innocently asked: "Where is Mrs. McKinley's carriage? Does not the First Lady of the Land have any part in this?" "Oh no," she answered; "women are not citizens in the United States. You must go to royalty upon its merits to find women taking part in the official affairs of Government." But when Mrs. McKinley's carriage fell in toward the end of the escort, behind the ambulances, the disgust of the fair New Yorker was very visible.

The Inaugural was a great success, barring rain and a few incongruities, and today Nation's first President was inaugurated on the principles laid down by Hamilton, carried on by Clay, Webster, and other statesmen of the day; the same for which Grant led the forces of the Government, and for which Abraham Lincoln died.

The second Inaugural of Mr. McKinley gave unbounded evidence of the interest of the citizenship of the Republic in this National celebration. The great majority rejoice in the new birth of joyous and devotion in the steadfast performance of National obligations, and in the increase of respect for the United States throughout the world.

Pity is in order for the critic, here and there, who is bound to be censorious, denouncing the extravagances of Inauguration ceremonies as unrepentant in spirit. It is as old and familiar as the lamentations of Jeremiah, to which few listen, and never those who visit Washington every four years to see their President inaugurated, and would be disappointed were there no illuminations, flags, music and flying squadrons to emphasize the coming



and other pulmonary troubles, or inflammatory conditions of nose, throat and lungs.

The treatment is free to every reader of The National Tribune. You have only to write (mentioning The National Tribune) to obtain it.

By the New system devised by Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, of New York, the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, the needs of the sick are supplied by the FOUR distinct remedies constituting his Special Treatment known as the Slocum System.

Whatever your disease, one or more of these four remedies will be of wonderful benefit and will cure you. According to the needs of your case, fully explained in the Treatise given free with the four free remedies.

The ailments of women and delicate children are speedily relieved and cured. The four remedies form a bulwark of strength against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

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DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine Street, New York, giving full address. The four free remedies will then be sent you at once, direct from the Slocum Laboratories, with full instructions for use in any case.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Slocum System of Treatment for the Cure of CONSUMPTION and all lung troubles is medicine reduced to an exact science by the world's foremost authority on the Slocum System. When writing the Doctor, please tell him you read this in The National Tribune.

artillery, numbering 20,000 men, under the command of a Colonel. They say that they are entitled to at least a Major-General, with several Brigadiers.

Probably the smallest claim ever presented to Congress was by Mrs. N. B. Reuter, of Pomeroy, O., for